FIJI AND THE FRIENDLY ISLES

By S. E. SCHOLES.

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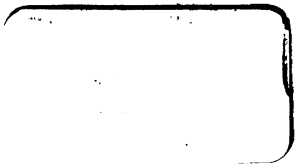

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SCENE IN FIJI.

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FIJI

AND

THE FRIENDLY ISLES:

SKETCHES OF

THEIR SCENERY AND PEOPLE.

BY

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London:

T. WOOLMER, 2, CASTLE-STREET, CITY-ROAD, E.C.;

AND 66, PATERNOSTER-ROW, E.C.

22b. k. 545

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HAYMAN BROTHERS AND LILLY,
PRINTERS,
HATTON HOUSE, FARRINGDON ROAD,
LONDON, E.C.

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PREFACE.

MANY of my readers have almost from their baby-hood been allowed to attend missionary meetings, and therefore I have no doubt they have sometimes heard of the Fijian as well as other islands in the South Pacific Ocean, and of the devoted missionaries who have laboured so long and successfully in those far-away islands. Now we can be happy in the thought that thousands of Christians are found among them. I hope to tell you in these chapters many things relating to the character and customs of the Fijians and their neighbours, which you do not know. It must be remembered that some of the descriptions given in our little book apply to a time gone by. Every year some old Fijian peculiarity disappears, and the changes brought by the growing number of white residents take place with an ever-increasing rapidity; and I think we ought now to feel greater interest in them than we have ever done. Do you know *why?* Because the Fijians are now our fellow subjects. Yes; Fiji has been annexed to the British dominions and is under the

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happy rule of our beloved Queen Victoria. The year 1874 had nearly closed when this change was made. The Fijians and their king were glad of this change; for they know our queen is a Christian sovereign, and they hope she and her government will be able to protect them from all wrong doers and help to make the islands far happier and more prosperous than any one has yet imagined to be possible. Let us hope they may not be disappointed, but that these distant neighbours of ours may be firmly bound to us by golden chains of love and goodwill.

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FIJI AND THE FRIENDLY ISLES.

CHAPTER I.

DESCRIPTION OF FIJI.

YOU have never tried, I dare say, to count on a map the number of islands in the Pacific Ocean; but you may remember there are very many, and that, in some cases, they are clustered together, one name being given to a gronp. Some of these far-away spots seem to me so interesting that I have resolved to write you a few chapters respecting them.

I will tell you first of the Fijian group, which is about 1400 miles north of New Zealand, and comprises 200 islands and islets; for most are too small to deserve the former name, and not half are inhabited. Many of them, however, are important and worthy of a description, if only on account of the wonderful richness and fertility of the soil, the variety of vegetation, and the beauty of scenery. Ovalau, one of the larger, is very beautiful, with fine hills rising abruptly from the sea and covered with shrubs or trees. Its principal town is Levuka, and more whites have gone there than to any other place in Fiji.

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About a day's voyage south of Ovalau is Bau, which is really the most important spot in the group, as Thakombau, the principal chief in Fiji, lives there; and south of Bau is Rewa. These three are off the east of Viti Levu, which is a large island measuring 250 miles round. To the north-east of Viti Levu is Vanua Levu, which is about the same size. Until lately scarcely anything was known of the interior or middle of these two islands. Some distance east of Ovalau and Bau are the Windward Isles, the principal of which is Lakemba, where some devoted missionaries established themselves on their arrival in Fiji forty-six years ago.

Fiji was discovered in 1643 by Tasman, the Dutch navigator; but we did not hear much of it until some vessels from Australia and also Calcutta, in passing, discovered sandal-wood growing there, and began to purchase it. That was about 100 years ago, and the trade proved very profitable in this sweet-scented wood, which is now, however, almost exhausted.

Fiji has an exceedingly warm climate, but pleasanter than that of many tropical parts, owing to the refreshing sea breezes which visit the islands. Three times as much rain falls as in England, and so good is the soil that a missionary jokingly told a native he need only stamp once upon the earth, and everything he needed would spring up at his feet. Of course this was an extravagant way of speaking, and meant to be something beyond the exact fact; but the man understood it perfectly, for Fijians are fond of using hyperbolical language. If you

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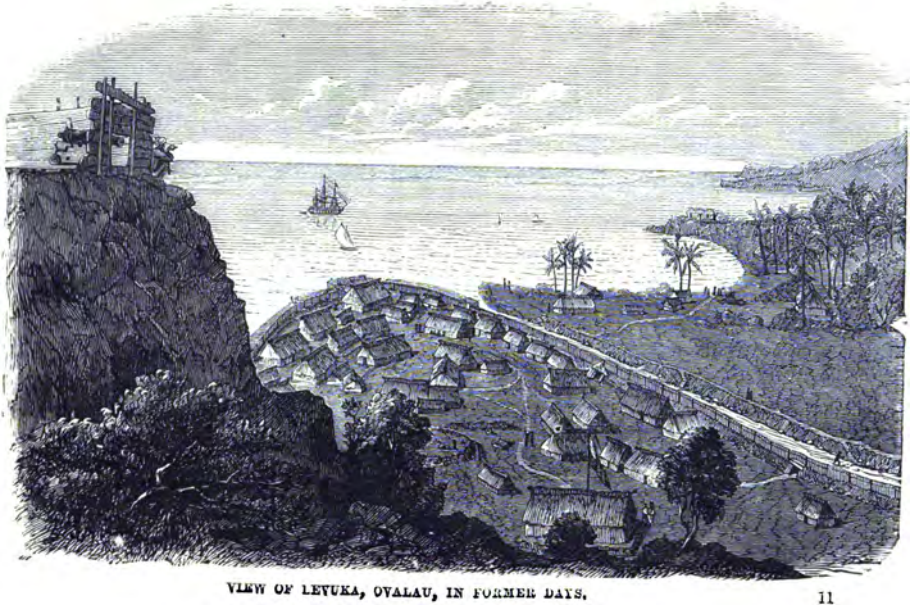

VIEW OF LEVUKA, OVALAU, IN FORMER DAYS.

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want an almost endless variety of timber, go to Fiji, where there are many kinds of trees, some of them of great value and the rest useful for different purposes; but their native names, were I to give them, would only puzzle you and make you none the wiser. But I must not omit to tell you of the curious *pandanus* tree, which is crowned by a tuft of long leaves, the trunk being bare; and, strangest of all, it makes props for itself that look at a little distance like thick ropes thrown over the trunk and fastened into the ground. Sometimes the trunk is seen quite away and distinct from the ground, as though it had been trying to fly and were merely held down by its props. The wood is used for handles of garden tools, the leaf for mats and thatching houses, the flower for scenting oil, and the fruit is sucked or sometimes strung into orange-coloured necklaces. As to fruits, there are the banana and plantain, the *dawa*, with its gummy, honey-like taste, the *wi*, rather like a good apple in taste and smell, the *ivi*, or Tahitian chestnut, the sugar-cane, the *tavola*, with its almond-like fruit, the cocoanut, the *tarowau*, the shaddock, and the *kavika*, or Malay apple. These are *indigenous*, or *belonging* to the country, but other fruits have been introduced which do exceedingly well; as, the orange, lemon, guava, pomegranate, pine apple, melon, and watermelon.

The list is not yet ended; many other useful things grow in Fiji; namely, sago, arrowroot, ginger, wild nutmegs, and pepper. Coffee will also grow pretty well, and about fifty years ago the cotton tree was introduced. Recently cotton of the finest kind has been grown in large

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quantities. The very best sugar is now produced in Fiji, and promises to become an important article of produce. The *yaqona*, or *kava*, is a root from which a favourite narcotic drink is obtained: *narcotic* means making sleepy, stupefying. Of *vegetables* the one most used is the yam,

PANDANUS TREE.

which weighs between six and twelve pounds, but sometimes sixty or seventy. It is planted like the potato, only on little mounds, and in taste resembles a mixture of good bread and potatoes. There is also the *dalo*, or *taro*, highly prized, and given to invalids, because it is so

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wholesome and nourishing, and the breadfruit tree. The *kumera*, or sweet potato, weighing a pound or two, is much cultivated; so also are maize and tobacco. It is well for the natives that wholesome vegetables and fruits abound, for they have very little animal food.

No wild beasts crush the low brushwood in Fijian woods, making your heart go pit-a-pat; and as for domestic animals, you may travel over many of the islands without hearing those familiar country sounds, the bleating of sheep or the lowing of cattle; for there were none of either until the missionaries took them. Sheep, however, are becoming more numerous, and the number of cows is increasing. Horses have been introduced. The only animal food to be had is pork, pigeons, and fowls—fowls, pigeons, and pork, varied occasionally by fish and turtle. Small birds are very few in Fiji. Kingfishers are to be seen, but no nightingale, lark, thrush, or other sweet songster makes melody in that still air or disturbs the solemn hush of those far off islands. Sea gulls, however, with herons, woodpigeons, ducks, and parrots abound. A common and not very beautiful bird is a heavy looking green parrot called the *ka-ka*, from the one unvaried call it makes; but there is also a very pretty parrot entirely red, the feathers of which the people like to obtain for ornamenting their mats, &c.

Now, imagine you and I are sailing down a Fijian river. What a wonderful stillness! Scarcely a sound of any kind! We may perhaps hear once or twice the solitary cry of a water bird or the distant screech of a parrot; and perhaps you did not notice it, but I heard a moment

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ago a gentle splash, which was caused by a cocoanut or else a shaddock falling from some overhanging tree into the water. Possibly before our return we may meet one canoe, which will be the only occurrence to rouse us, so our ears may go to sleep; but it is advisable to keep our eyes wide awake that we may see all the splendid vegetation on either side, including palmtrees, cocoanut trees, flowering trees and shrubs, large tree ferns, and plenty of creepers. Now we are passing a plantation of *taro*, with its broad, handsome leaves of rich green colour. It seems rather curious that, though ferns and creepers abound, and though the foliage or leaf growth is beautiful and varied, flowers in Fiji are few and far between, and they are chiefly of pale, quiet colours. There are two or three crimson flowers, but those are all. You are not soon tired of the water, so we will leave the river, hasten to the sea, and have a pleasant sail; not far out to sea, but between the land and the coral reef. At last we are off! Just look on the beach. Do you see all those shells moving about? Yes, actually! shells of all kinds and sizes running here and there; how can it be? That queer creature called the hermit-crab is very common in these islands; and a most selfish, unprincipled, tyrannical crab it is; for it savagely attacks the peaceful inhabitant of any shell, conquers it, mercilessly turns it out of house and home, and then, squeezing its own long and many-jointed body in, quietly takes possession, rent free. Some say in its defence that it does so because its tail is not protected by any shell and would otherwise get injured.

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CHAPTER II.

DESCRIPTION OF FIJI (*continued*).

THERE is another kind of crab with one enormous, bright, yellow claw as long as all its body. Quite an army of these soldier crabs is sometimes seen standing still, but each one waving its great claw up and down over its back regularly and unceasingly; but if they hear the least noise, down go all the yellow claws, and the owners in a twinkling bury themselves in the sand to emerge again when all seems safe. Talking of crabs, I must tell you of another, which is, however, a *land* crab, the *ugavule*, as the natives call it. It is large, strong, and fierce, and audacious enough for anything. If you try to catch it, it will—at least, so the natives will tell you—throw earth and stones in your face. It can climb the highest cocoanut tree, and not only pierce the nut, but remove the husk from the old ones and break them in order to get at the flesh. The natives catch it by binding a bundle of grass round the trunk about half way up. Presently down it comes, and on reaching the grass, no longer clasps the trunk, for it fancies it is on the ground, but, quicker than thought, finds out its mistake; for down it tumbles a distance of twenty or thirty feet, and, being considerably stunned, is easily taken prisoner. Crabs,

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lobsters, shrimps, prawns, and crayfish are all obtained in Fiji; so you see *crustaceous* animals are plentiful: and it is said there are 121 different kinds of fish, some of which are excellent food. They are caught in various ways—by nets, spears, fishfences, and by stupefaction. Stupefying the fish is done by pounding small the leaves or fruit of some poisonous plant and throwing it on the water. This soon affects the fish, causing it to become unconscious, turn on its back, and float to the surface, when it is easily taken. It is a pretty sight to see the women at night go down to the reefs to fish. They go in a large party, each carrying a torch, and shouting or laughing merrily to take all the ebb tide leaves.

Many of the islands are surrounded by reefs, which make navigation perilous work; for when they are covered by the water a ship may ground upon one just as the captain thinks he is escaping all danger. These are often called *coral* reefs; but you must not suppose their entire depth is of this material. The coral is made by tiny creatures called polyps. Well, these polyps cannot live at a great depth, for they need the sun's light and heat; nor yet so close to the surface as to be exposed to the agitations of the sea: therefore coral islands, archipelagoes, and reefs consist chiefly of other rocks—generally volcanic—which are merely *incrusted* with coral, the depth of which varies from a few inches to several feet or sometimes more. It may, at first, seem strange to you that the reefs so often rise above the sea when I told you the polyps cannot live except below the surface. You must

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remember, however, that these reefs are *volcanic*, and it is after the insects have done their work that explosions have occurred by which the reefs, &c., have been lifted up. If the whole depth be of coral, it is because the land has slowly sunk, and the polyp has been obliged to build upwards instead of lengthways in order to escape too great a depth of water. There are twenty-two different kinds of these tiny creatures.

How beautifully clear and transparent the water is! Look down. Surely that must be some glorious fairyland in its cool depths, for we see whole gardens and woods of coral, trees and flowers of all shapes, grotesque and charming—and we might say of all colours; for *there* is some delicate lilac, beyond it some lovely pink, and not far away a whole bank of the prettiest pale blue. True, we saw coral just now of a dull brown, and a little green; but these more sober colours only set the others off to advantage. You want a little of that lovely coral, do you? Ah! you 'll be woefully disappointed if we get some; for when out of the water for an hour or two these delicate tints all vanish, as they are only in the fleshy substance of the builder, which soon dies when out of water, and loses the beauty which was but lifelong. Look at those splendid little fish; you never saw any so dazzling before. There goes one of bright blue spotted with gold, and here is a brilliant green one; they are about the size of a herring; but we will not take them, for their beauty would fade like that of the coral when out of their element.

But here comes a canoe, a large double boat called

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A DRUA, OR DOUBLE CANOE.

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a *drua*. You think it is two separate canoes, but it is really one affair, the smaller serving as outrigger, and across from one to the other is the deck, looking something like a large square table. It would be considered a long canoe, yet it is only 100 feet and draws but two feet six inches of water. How well made it seems! yet there is not a nail in it; but it is fastened together with a neat, strong kind of cord called *sinnet*, and calked with the husk of the cocoanut. The projecting ends of the canoe are beautifully carved and thickly ornamented with white shells. On the rivers a catamaran made of bamboos is often used, or an *ulatoka*; *i.e.*, a raised platform on two rough logs of wood.

Now we are almost on land again, and it is well we are, for a storm is coming. Listen! we can hear the pelting, splashing drops of rain beating on the leaves a quarter of a mile away.

You have heard of the *trepang*, or *biche-de-mer*. It is a kind of sea slug about nine inches long, very common on the Fijian reefs; and many vessels, American and others, go for cargoes of it, which they take to China, the Chinese being very fond of it for soup. These slugs, before being shipped, are dried by the heat of the sun until they shrink to one-third of their natural size. A more curious thing still, found near some of the Fijian and other islands in the Pacific, is the *balolo*, a small, worm-like thing, generally green, and always appearing at the same time of the year. A few may be seen in October, but it is not till the end of November that they appear in a great

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number, when on one day the sea is covered by them, so that you think it must be solid land. Unless caught early in the morning none can be obtained; for, as soon as the sun is hot, these queer, entangled little things all melt away or dissolve; but the natives, regarding them as a great delicacy, always know which day to expect them according to the changes of the moon, and take care to be on the spot in good time with plenty of baskets, into which they throw them with the hand. When boiled they look one mass of green, like spinach. November is called in Fiji 'the great balolo month.'

I have now told you of the animals, birds, and fishes, &c., and it will not do to forget the insects and reptiles, for there are plenty of the former at any rate. The mosquitoes found in most hot countries abound in Fiji also; but on some islands they persecute the inhabitants through the day, vanishing for the night, and in others are absent during the day, but appear with unnecessary punctuality and zeal night after night. The flies are terribly numerous, and sometimes, if a meal is to be had in peace, a boy must be kept the whole time driving them away. Fleas also try a person's patience, though they are not so numerous as in some parts of the world. There are several large kinds of spiders, including one that stings. Cockroaches abound in houses, and canoes too, at night, and run over tired people and annoy them to the utmost of their power. Very fine beetles and butterflies are met with; and as to fireflies at dusk, the woods are quite lighted up by them. There are many insects of the *mantis*

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order, and these are very remarkable, for they so resemble leaves or bits of stick that it is almost impossible to distinguish them. As to reptiles, centipedes five or six inches long are often seen in the woods, while scorpions are met with more frequently than is exactly agreeable or desirable. There are ten different kinds of snake, but none longer than about six feet. Many of these inhabit trees, and often drop down at your feet in the path. Some of them the natives eat. There are several kinds of lizard, including one chameleon.

I fancy you are saying, 'I wonder whenever I shall hear about the Fijian people; I want to know what they look like and what they say and do.' So you shall in the very next chapter.

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CHAPTER III.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE FIJIANS.

I MUST now keep my promise and tell you what I can of the Fijians themselves. In complexion they are very dark, and may be placed between the black and the copper-coloured races, and their skin has rather a purple or *blue black* appearance. The hair resembles that of the negro in its colour and wiry nature, but grows much longer and is very differently dressed. In feature, however, the Fijian is far handsomer than the former, though not so handsome as the Tongan. The nose is large and well shaped, the mouth somewhat wide, and the lips are rather thick; the teeth white and regular, and the black eyes quick, restless, and penetrating—in short, eyes not easily forgotten. In figure they are tall and strong-looking, though not often stout. They have short necks, broad chests, and limbs, which convince you their muscles are well developed.

As to dress; well, they have not much of it, though more than they used to wear. As a rule, the men wear nothing but a *masi*, or piece of native cloth, round their loins; and the women wear a *liku*, which consists of a band beautifully braided and having a fringe about ten inches deep; it is made of the bark of a kind of

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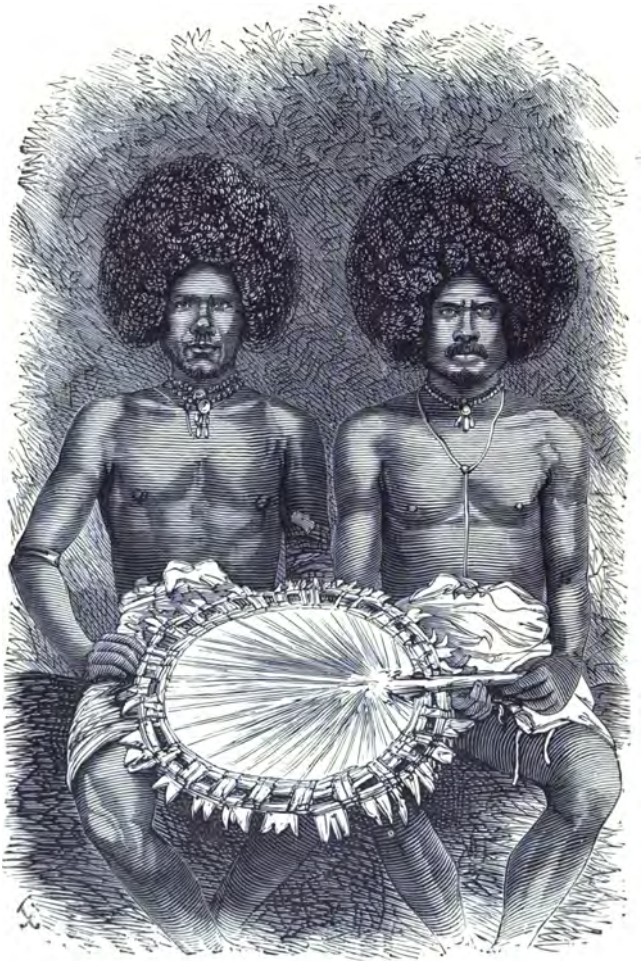

FIJIANS.

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hibiscus, the long, wiry runners of a creeping plant, or some kinds of grass, which the women hold by the great toe of the right foot while making. *They* are not allowed to wear the native cloth, but only to make it for the 'lords of creation.' All the women submit to the painful operation of tattooing, which is done by puncturing the skin with some sharp instrument, and then injecting into the *punctures*, or *holes*, a dye obtained chiefly from the candlenut. They believe that their principal god Degei commanded them to do this, and that any who neglect it will be dreadfully punished after death. The men are *free* from this custom, but spend endless time and trouble upon their hair, which they wash with lime to take the colour out, dye in various hues, and arrange in an unlimited number of ways, the prevailing notion being that the *more* they can make it appear, the better. Talk of ladies' chignons! That fashion must surely have come from Fiji; only the largest you ever saw is nothing compared with the immense construction of hair erected upon a Fijian's head, which has at least the advantage of being all his own naturally grown hair. This takes several hours to do in first rate style; over the hair the grandees wear a turban made of a fine, gauzy kind of *masi*, and this is often fastened in a bow in front. They frequently wear in their hair a long kind of instrument called a 'scratcher,' about which I will say no more, as its name will show its use; but I do think if Fijian gentlemen spent a little less time over frizzing their hair, and a little more over washing their heads, it would be more to their comfort and

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LIKUS,

As worn by the women in ***Fiji.***

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credit. Many of them have whiskers and a large beard. And now you might imagine that, with their almost black skin, their keen eyes, and mountain of hair shrouded in white, these good folks looked sufficiently startling; but *they* do not seem to think so, for they adorn their faces with patches or stripes of red, black, or white paint; sometimes on one side of the face half the forehead is painted and on the other the cheek, and sometimes all the face is black except the lips or tip of the nose, which is painted a bright red. On their neck they wear a necklace of teeth or of shells, and in their hand they carry a beautifully carved club or spear. The ladies wear curious ornaments sometimes, such as an empty cotton reel for an earring; but, on the other hand, they often show great taste in the way they adorn themselves with leaves and flowers, wearing round the hair a wreath of fern leaves, in the ear a beautiful flower, a necklace of white, sweet-scented flowers, and on the arms bracelets of shells. A quantity of English calico is frequently worn now by both ladies and gentlemen, being fastened round the waist. The chiefs sometimes wear as much as sixty yards of the native cloth, or *masi*, which is twisted round their bodies, put somehow in a bunch behind, and then allowed to train for a considerable distance; so you see they are fond of extremes. As for the poor little children in Fiji, they are not allowed to wear anything, but their little bodies are oiled and well covered with turmeric, which is a yellow powder. The babies are carried on fine mats made of the bleached leaves of the pandanus tree.

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I must now tell you something very terrible about the Fijians: they have nearly all been cannibals; that is, eaters of human flesh. Can you believe that any man can be so horribly cruel and wicked as to murder numbers of his brother men, merely in order to feast upon their bodies? I find it very difficult to believe, it is so disgusting and so satanic; yet, alas! such is the sad and painful fact, not only in Fiji, but some other islands of the Pacific. It was a settled matter that human bodies should be eaten on certain occasions, such as the building of a temple or canoe, the launching a canoe, the wreck of a vessel—all the voyagers being doomed men—and the taking of an enemy's town, when as many as fifty of the vanquished have been eaten at one time. Yet the chiefs did not wait for times like these, but gave orders for a man or woman to be murdered whenever they desired this kind of food; and one of them has sometimes had a pile of twelve or sixteen bodies placed before him at one time. You see human life, the most precious thing in the world, has been flung recklessly away as a thing of no value in Fiji. When bodies were procured for the oven, the *lali*, or drum, was beaten, and they were dragged along the ground to the centre of the town, and then thrown down before the chief, who directed his priest to offer them to the war god. It was *partly* revenge which made them like to eat their enemies, but not entirely; and the treacherous way in which they often procured their unfortunate neighbours is dreadful to think of—for instance, inviting them as friends to a feast merely in order to fall upon and slay

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them. How glad I am that I can tell you this is, almost entirely, a thing of the past! Many of the old cannibals would now be ashamed and afraid to perpetrate such outrages: and it is only in some parts, where the missionaries have not yet been, that cannibalism still exists.

I have said quite enough on such a disagreeable subject, and will now talk about the houses. These are various in form; for on some islands they look like rough summer houses, on some like oblong hayricks, and on others their shape is conical, like a common top, point upwards. They are nearly all roof, this being high pitched, as architects say; and the walls are extremely low, not much higher than you. The doors are, of course, low also; and there are no windows, though sometimes an opening or two; no chimneys either. The hearth is sunk a foot below the floor in the centre of the room and guarded by a rim of hardwood; and the smoke either goes out at the openings or, when there are none, escapes as well as it can through the thatch, thereby destroying the insects, but making the air very stifling. Houses in Fiji are often built in a fortnight, though a large one might take three months. No bricks or stones are used, merely timber and reeds, and bamboos generally for the roof, for which they are extremely suitable, being long, light, and strong. The bamboo is a kind of reed about as thick as a man's arm, and growing seventy or 100 feet high; it has no branches, only a few leaves here and there. If a Fijian house near you happened to be on fire,

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you would be considerably alarmed, and would speedily scamper away; for the bamboos when burning make a terrible noise, like a number of guns going off. This is because they are *hollow* and full of heated air, which explodes directly the fire reaches them. Sugar-cane plantations, when on fire, have similar explosions, only not quite so loud.

FIJIAN POTTERY.

For fear I forget, I must tell you at once the bamboo makes capital torches, giving a bright, clear light without being dipped in oil, and it is often used as a drinking vessel.

Not a *nail* is used in a house; the reeds or bamboos are placed ready in a kind of network, on which long grasses or leaves of the sugar-cane and stone-palm are

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laid, and these are securely tied to the reeds by means of vines or *sinnet.* Good houses and buildings have a ridge-pole, which extends a yard or more in funnel shape beyond the structure itself, and these ends of the pole are ornamented with large white shells. The kitchens are all built separate. There is only the ground floor in a house; but this is sometimes divided into two or three rooms by means of reed partitions, on which some pretty or curious pattern is designed, or by curtains of native cloth. Generally, however, there is but one room, and its furniture is simple. At one end is a low platform, on which is smoothly spread a thick layer of grass or of elastic ferns, which, being covered with mats, makes a nice, suitable bed in so warm a climate, especially when surrounded by a mosquito curtain. On the rest of the floor are some mats for sitting upon, and on a light frame is a chest, near which are an axe, a spade, and a musket; ranged at the bottom of the wall are round earthen pans or oblong wooden bowls, and near the hearth a glazed water vessel and one or two wide-mouthed jars, in which is arrowroot. Look again at the walls and you see hung around fans, chequered baskets, gourds, bottles for scented oil, dishes of dark wood or wicker work, a bone knife (one of foreign make), and sometimes a wooden fork; the last was much prized, and handed down carefully from father to son, but you will shudder when I tell you it was used only in eating *human* flesh. In addition, there are some fishing-nets, some large, coarse baskets for vegetables, soup dishes made of the cocoanut shell, and a queer board, *concave,* or hav-

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ing a hollow in the middle, in which the natives work their vegetable bread. In some houses may now be found what is thought a great treasure; namely, a looking-glass. A gentleman one day made a good-looking Fijian who had never seen one before suddenly look at one, and the latter immediately exclaimed in a soft but delighted tone, 'Now

SLEEPING HOUSES.

I can see into the world of spirits.' I suppose the reason he made such a strange remark is explained by the natives believing that a man has two spirits, the one being represented by his shadow, which goes quite away at death, and the other by his reflection in water, which is supposed to hover near the place where he died.

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The other buildings are temples, which are in no way remarkable, yam stores, sleeping houses, and *bures*, or receiving houses for strangers, where any in travelling through a place are welcome to stay free of charge as long as they like. Of the sleeping *bures* there are some for the men and some for the boys. Those of the latter are raised some distance from the ground, being supported on strong posts, and with a kind of ladder leading up to the low doorway. The men assemble very early in the evening in their *bure* and discuss politics and all the important events in their little world; presently they stretch themselves lazily on their mats and smoke their home-made cigars; then the *kava* bowl goes round, and they drink their favourite beverage; finally, they have somo singing, during which they keep constantly moving their head, hands, arms, and body, or an interesting romance is related, and soon they are, one by one, lost in the land of dreams. As soon as it is light in the morning they return home. In every Fijian town a piece of level ground called a *rara* is set apart for public assemblies and feasts, and along the one side of some *raras* you might have seen placed in a long line a number of stones representing the number of human bodies that have been eaten there, each stone standing for one body; and in the trees near many of the bones of these poor creatures used to be kept.

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CHAPTER IV.

AGRICULTURAL AND OTHER PRODUCTIONS.

THE Fijians' principal employment is agriculture, which, you remember, means the cultivating of fields; and as they have no corn, except maize, it signifies, in their case, the planting of yams and taro, &c. They are very clever agriculturists, though the tools they use are simple ones. Instead of a spade they have a stick thicker than a broom handle, and pointed at the end, with which they dig; and this does very well for their light soil.

A great number are employed in fishing, including the dangerous turtle-fishing; and this class has a leader called the 'chief of the fishermen.'

Mat making is an important business; and you have no idea what a variety of mats may be found in Fiji—rough ones, made of the cocoanut leaf, finer ones of the dwarf pandanus and a rush from swamps. Some of these useful articles are a few feet long, others two or three hundred feet; in some the plait is very fine, in others coarse, but in all great taste is evinced in the beautiful ornamental borders, and the style of plait is wonderfully varied. Their baskets, in number many, would, I am sure, surprise you; and an English gentleman says of them.

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'They are strong, handsome, and useful beyond any I have seen at home or abroad.' Their fans and sunshades are neat and useful also. One of the most valuable productions of Fiji is the *sinnet*, which is indispensable for the making and ornamenting of the houses, canoes, and baskets. It is composed of the fibre of the cocoanut husk, which is baked till dry, combed out, and braided. Many tons are made annually, and it is wound, not all in one style, as we in matter-of-fact England would have it, but there is the plain hank, the variegated roll, the double cone, the oval and round balls, and the honeycomb ball. These rolls are sometimes eight or ten feet high and a dozen or more in circumference; so you see it would be no easy matter to run off with a *sinnet* ball. The Fijians are almost the only South Sea islanders who make pottery, and it is done entirely by the women, who, I consider, must be very clever to turn it out so good and well shaped as they do, seeing that their only *apparatus* or *contrivance to make it with* is a ring-like cushion, four flat mallets, and a round, flat stone; yet so even and correct is the outline of the vessels that you would think they must have been turned with a wheel, as in England. Lines and figures are traced on the earthenware while moist, and after drying for a few days it is covered over with very light fuel, which is set on fire, and by the time it is burnt out the vessels are baked. Those that are to be glazed are rubbed over while hot with the resin of a kind of pine. The making of fishing-nets employs very many women, who net just as we do in England. Most of these nets are made of the vine of a

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particular creeper, which is well steeped and scraped and then twisted into a strong twine; but the turtle nets which need to be stronger are of *sinnet* or sometimes the bark of the *hibiscus*. It is the women who make the native cloth too, but much less of this is made than formerly, as it is superseded by English calico now that the Fijians are more civilised and like more clothing.

The *trade* of Fiji is also left chiefly to the women. The inland tribes take *yaqona* to the coast and receive in exchange mats, *masi*, and fine salt; while to Tonga the Fijians send canoes, spars, sail mats, pottery, mosquito curtains, and *sinnet*, for which they are glad to have Tongan muskets, cloth, inlaid clubs, and whales' teeth. Some of the Fijian men are occupied in making shell ornaments, others bows, spears, and clubs, which for variety of form and elaborate carving cannot be surpassed. It is astonishing how fond the Fijians are of variety and how clever they are in inventing different forms and patterns, which they work out neatly and *dexterously;* that is, in a *right-handed*, clever manner.

Indeed, I think I have said enough of what they can do to convince you they are really clever, especially considering how little they have come into contact with other people: they are self-taught, and it seems to me the ancient Britons were not half so clever until the polished Romans came and taught them how to dig and build and manufacture. A gentleman who lived some years in Fiji told me he *had* seen *some* stupid Englishmen, but not *one* stupid Fijian.

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Do not imagine, however, that these good folks believe in all work and no play. Not a bit of it; they like a good deal of the latter, and it seems odd how many of their games resemble ours, such as 'blind man's buff,' 'hide and seek,' sham fights, 'making ducks and drakes,' flying kites, swinging, &c.; but *their* swing is only a single rope hung from a tree and having a loop at the end, in which they put one foot; then grasping, at a convenient height, the cord, which is from thirty to fifty feet long, they are set going, and dash through the air in a way which would terrify most people. They are fond of pelting each other with bitter oranges and of a kind of skittles, made of stone, towards which they sometimes throw backwards, and they dart a long reed, having a six-inch point of heavy wood, which is made to skim along the ground a hundred yards or more. Another amusement is to suspend an orange or lemon by a string, and while it is swinging to pierce it with a pointed stick; but I think the liveliest game is the *ririki*. In this a long cocoanut tree is rested on a rock at the edge of a reef, so as to form an easy ascent, the end of the tree projecting beyond the rock, and being fifteen or twenty feet above the water. A number of natives run one after the other as quickly as possible up the trunk, and each, on reaching the end, jumps into the water, which is thus kept in a state of froth and foam.

I had almost forgotten to tell you what a queer and difficult fashion of drinking they have; a fashion, nevertheless, which is found in many other parts of the world. They do not consider it proper to touch the drinking

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vessel with the lips, so they raise it, however large, some inches above the mouth and let a stream of water run down their throat; a plan I should be sorry to try, for I should quite expect to choke. In drinking so from a bamboo, this has to be held by another person, who raises it steadily and gradually.

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CHAPTER V.

CHARACTER OF THE FIJIANS.

THIS chapter must be chiefly of the Fijian character, for I have said very little about it. I am sorry to say these people are very *proud*, as you will think when I tell you some of the chiefs call themselves by a name which signifies 'subject only to heaven,' and consider themselves above European monarchs; indeed, some have gone so far that, in speaking of Europeans who happened to be in their territories, they called them 'their animals.' They are proud of *pedigree*, that is, of descent from families of rank; and, if they imagine you to be in the dark as to what important people they are, will take care to enlighten you as soon as possible. A chief named Toki used to say *he* was descended from a turtle, but other chiefs were only the progeny of small and inferior fishes. Any kind of slight deeply offends these people, and both men and women will cry long and loudly in some public place that all their neighbours may be made aware of the terrible affront they have had. They will sometimes beseech their friends to kill them that they may no longer be liable to the misery of being insulted. One man was spoken to disrespectfully by a younger brother, and felt it so keenly, and was so afraid that every one would

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know he had been insulted, that he loaded his musket and shot himself through the heart. Poor fellow! he little knew what a dreadful thing it is to die as a *suicide*, or *self-murderer*. Another man asked his friends to help him to thatch his new house. They came, but presently one of them said something that touched his pride; so off he went, leaving his house to decay. Yet they seem to know what pride is, and how to make fun of it; for they will say to a proud or boastful person, 'Ah! you are like the *ka-ka;* you only speak to shout your own name.' They are vain also; that is, thinking much of their own personal appearance, wishing every one to admire them, and, when grey and wrinkled, will sometimes try to hide these signs of old age by covering them thickly with black powder.

They sleep regularly with their neck resting on an uncomfortable wooden pillow, or rather bar, in order that their precious mop of hair may not be crumpled or disarranged. If you try it you will find out how unpleasant it feels, and be surprised that people should care so much more about appearance and fashion than comfort. They only object to being caught in the rain on account of their hair; and, to prevent it being damaged, cover it with a young banana leaf, which, having been heated at the fire, becomes waterproof. They despise a little person, and the stouter a man or woman is, the more handsome and aristocratic is he or she considered. They are delighted if they can sport a pair of spectacles and an umbrella. Mrs. Smythe, a lady who visited Fiji and has written an in-

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teresting book about it, was one day making a sketch of some natives, when suddenly she missed a young man from the group; but he soon returned, and Mrs. Smythe found he had vanished in order to ornament himself with a shark's tooth necklace, evidently thinking he had better look as well as possible in the picture, and not believing in the old adage, 'Beauty, when unadorned, adorned the most.'

They are *jealous*. One chief will anxiously avoid meeting another unless obliged; and if a captain or missionary takes more notice of another chief than of himself, his anger is at once aroused. *Envious* also. A missionary once said to a great man, 'When will you chiefs cease from your envious plottings?' He replied: 'I cannot tell; envy will not let us heathen rest. We see our likeness in the ocean before us; it ebbs and then it flows again, and rests not. We are like to it; we know no peace.' That was a true answer, and reminds one directly of a text in God's holy word, 'The wicked are like the troubled sea, which cannot rest,' &c. They are so covetous—that is, eager for gain, longing for what others possess—as sometimes to rob the dead, after they are buried, of a few yards of calico, and occasionally murder white people, if, by so doing, they can enrich themselves. A chief who supplied the missionaries with servants actually gave the latter strict orders to rob their masters of all they could. I am sorry to say they are ungrateful too. If you give them medicine and cure them, they demand food in addition, and, if they get that, they consider themselves rather badly used if you do not give them pots to cook it in. A

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native's hand had been badly hurt by the bursting of a musket, and a kind captain took him on board and fed and kindly treated him for nearly two months. When recovered the man told his benefactor that he was going on shore, but expected a musket to be given him first, as he had been so long on board; rather a cool notion—was it not?—that he should be rewarded for having submitted to be kindly treated. Of course his request was refused; and then this impudent and ungrateful fellow went on shore and burnt down one of the captain's drying-houses, thus causing him to lose fish valued at 300 dollars.

So *revengeful* are these people that they will place a stick or stone somewhere in sight to remind themselves of the grudge they owe the person who has offended them, and will go without food or amusements or refuse to utter a word until they have satisfied their anger. They believe in all kinds of charms, and often practise them upon an offender, at the same time *wishing* dreadful things against him; and so superstitious are the Fijians that they have been known to pine and die merely from the terror they felt of the charms which they knew were being employed against them. So strong and undying is their animosity or hatred that they will say to an enemy, 'My hatred of thee begins at the heels of my feet and extends to the hairs of my head;' or, 'Let the shell of the giant oyster perish by reason of years, and to these add 1000 more; still my hatred of thee shall be hot.' Do not you think there was great *need* for missionaries to go and tell these poor, wicked people of a Judge who 'is angry with the

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wicked every day,' and of a Saviour who said, 'Thou shalt love thine enemy?' They are *cowards*—always trying to stab or club an enemy from behind rather than face him, attacking women and defenceless children rather than men in time of war, fearing to go out alone at night, alarmed beyond all reason if a stranger happen to walk behind them, hiding behind trees in hope of defence that way and also to take the enemy unaware. They are wonderful boasters, as cowards often are, so we need not be surprised at that. Listen to some of the speeches they make when setting out for war. 'This is my club, the club that never yet was false.' 'I cause the earth to tremble; it is I who meet the enemy to-morrow.' 'I long to be gone; I am impatient.' 'I only am a true man; in the battle you shall find me so,' &c.

But now, having shown you the dark side of the Fijian character, I must tell you of their good points. They are generous, making at times really large presents of things they most prize, such as a great pile of yams, some pigs, or a fine turtle; and if in visiting them you happen to admire anything they possess they will beg you to take it. Hospitable too, taking food to strangers that are staying in their *bures*, and at a feast taking care to have an abundance of everything. They are very polite. In receiving a gift they will sometimes kiss it, or, at any rate, express their thanks and some kind wish for the giver. If they expect an important visitor some of the principal people are sent to meet him; and when guests take leave their entertainers will often escort them a part of the

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way back. They never like to contradict any one, but will always profess to agree with him. For instance, a lady reproved some Fijians for some murders they had committed. 'Yes,' they replied, 'it is very wicked. The Fijians are a foolish people.' She answered, 'You do not believe what you say, or you would become Christians.' They then said: 'Yes, Marama, we intend to do so by-and-by.' It is a pity their politeness should thus grow insincere and full of flattery. It does not do to say all we think, but we should try to think or mean all we say. A missionary and his family once visited the house of the king's brother; and before they left the Fijian lady ordered a servant to bring food 'that the chiefs from the eye of the sun might eat.' They are capable of real affection and of unselfish deeds; but they have so long been surrounded by all that is unholy, debasing, and brutalising that I almost wonder they have any good traits of character to be seen.

If I tell you a few of their sayings and proverbs you will, I think, agree with me that they are shrewd, intelligent people—people that are really *worth* all the pains that can be bestowed upon them. These are some: 'An unimproved day is not to be counted.' 'The saucy take reproof like water.' 'Ignorance is the night of the mind.' 'Delay is ruin.' 'If you have a great canoe, great will be your labour too.' 'Oh what a valiant man you are who beat your wife, but dare not go to war!' 'How useless is strength unaccompanied by wisdom!' 'Go gently, that you may live long.' A swearer is said to be 'armed with

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teeth.' A person who stands looking for something he longs for, but cannot afford to obtain, is said to be 'becalmed, and looking at fishes.' Fijians are fond of studying a person's character, and they really seem to understand human nature very well. Many of the American captains and others who have gone to Fiji have tried to make the natives believe that when in America they are very great people, rich, influential, and everything else that is desirable. The natives noticed this, and concluded that all foreigners like to be considered important people, whether they were or not. One day Retova, a great chief, was offended with a certain American captain, who had *not* been a boaster, but whom Retova supposed to have the proud feelings of many others, and so tried to tease in the following fashion: 'Captain —— says you belong to a poor little town in America, where they have nothing but beans to eat. He says you are a *kaise*, and that no great man talks to *you;* but *he* owns two houses filled with riches in America, and has a great many flags on board his vessel; but if you were to bring so many you would be killed. Captain —— says also that your wife is old and ugly.' Imagine how surprised Retova was when the captain and his wife, after laughing well at his teasing, ordered some one to bring all the flags and spread them on the cabin floor for Retova to sleep on. At length he exclaimed, 'Captain —— is a great liar!' And when quietly asked if he would have any more flags replied, 'No, indeed; enough.' They are great gossips in Fiji and clever mimics.

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CHAPTER VI.

FIJIAN CUSTOMS.

I HAVE yet to tell you something of the *customs* of Fiji; but most of these are so cruel that I shall relate them as briefly as possible. One is the murder of many infants, especially girls; for, not only the friends, but even the father and mother say: 'Why should she live? Will she wield a club? Will she poise a spear?' Those who do live are allowed to run wild, just as their own fancy prompts them; and, worst of all, are taught, not to love and reverence their mother, but actually to strike her. They are thus trained with the idea that it will prevent them from growing up cowards; but we know it is very cowardly to strike a woman, and shamefully wicked to strike or grieve a dear mother. Has not God said, '*Honour* thy father and mother?' They are trained to kick the dead bodies of their enemies and to be as revengeful as possible.

A Fijian has several wives, and a chief a great number. These poor women often quarrel and seriously disfigure each other in fighting; and when they become unruly to the master of the house, he tries to bring them to their senses by beating them with a terrible stick like a broom handle. *Polygamy*, or 'the having several wives,' is a bad and wretched thing; it makes the men become selfish

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tyrants, who treat the unhappy wives as dogs, and quite prevents the poor children having a peaceful, happy home in which to grow up wise and good. It is usual when a relative dies for the mourners to show their grief by cutting off a finger, so that you sometimes see a person who has lost several fingers; and even children are made to suffer in this cruel and senseless fashion. A person is punished in the same way if he has robbed or offended another, and this in Fiji is considered *restitution;* that is, a replacing or *making up* for what has been taken. Is it not a queer kind of restitution? I expect if some one were to steal a hundred pounds from you, and were afterwards to bring you a hundred fingers, you would say: 'Those are no good to me; I must either have the hundred pounds back or something *equal* to it in value.' Two large tubs of clothes were once stolen from a missionary's house, and complaint was made of it to the king, who said: 'Never mind, I will make that all right.' So the next day the missionary and his wife expected to see the useful articles brought back; instead of which, at noon, the king appeared with some attendants carrying six fingers just cut off the unlucky thieves. But, unfortunately, the family had still to do without the clothes, so that they did not fully appreciate the fingers.

When a man dies one of his wives is strangled and buried with him, that he may not go alone into the spirit world; or in the case of a chief several wives are thus murdered, in order that he may have plenty of company and the grave be well lined with their bodies. You see the Fijians are cowards in death as well as in life; and is

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it any wonder after such wicked and revengeful lives? Oh no! 'conscience doth make cowards of us all;' and nothing but the knowledge that a divine Saviour has loved and forgiven us can save us from despair and misery in dying moments. How strange it seems to us that sometimes when a missionary has interfered and rescued one of these victims, she has persisted in dying, either from love for the dead or because she feared being despised and ridiculed if she lived! The widow of one chief was much grieved because all her relatives refused to strangle her. She said: 'Does no one love me? Come, strangle me quickly, that my spirit may go with the spirit of Nalela and comfort him; he is even now faint for food!' Not succeeding in her request, she determined to starve herself; but I am glad to tell you a Christian American lady went to see her, told her she 'loved her, was very sorry for her, and wanted her to live and be good that she might at last go to heaven when she died.' At length she yielded to her new friend's loving persuasions, and promised to live and try to be a Christian; and the best was, she faithfully kept her promise. When the child of a chief dies one of its nurses is killed that it may have protection and help on its lonely journey. I think no cruelty among the Fijians seems worse than that of burying their relatives alive; even kind and grey-haired parents are served thus, and strong young men who would probably recover from illness with kind doctoring are hurried into their graves in spite of their groans and entreaties to live.

As to the *politics* of Fijians, I must tell you they

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thoroughly despise republicanism, which is, you know, the form of government in America; so the Americans when in Fiji take care to speak of their president as *king*, in order to escape ridicule and contempt. If the good government of a country depended upon the *number* of rulers it had, Fiji is in a happy condition, for there are chiefs of towns and more important chiefs or kings of large islands and districts. The highest chief of all is Thakombau, the king of Bau, son of the cruel Tanoa. The chiefs are assisted by men called *matas*, who act as their messengers and representatives, and seem to be partly ministers of state and partly personal attendants of the chief. The right to govern is hereditary, and descends through the principal wife of the chief, and her nephews are called *vasus*. You will be surprised to hear that these young men have almost endless power, being at liberty to help themselves to anything they choose which their uncle possesses. They may quietly walk off with furniture, food, ammunition, canoes—anything they like, except the wives and land. These *vasus* are sometimes sent as ambassadors of the chiefs to important places, when they have a numerous retinue and meet with a grand public reception. A woman, whether high or low, is obliged to step out of a chief's way and crouch or bend down till he has passed. An armed man lowers his arms, takes the outside of the path, and crouches down; and if any one wishes to cross over near a chief, he must do so in front, not behind. In some parts, men hold their beard and look at the ground when speaking to a superior; in others

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they rub the upper part of the left arm with the right hand. But strangest etiquette of all, if a chief falls, his attendant is expected to fall also, that the former may not seem the only awkward one; the man is, however, rewarded for this civility, which seems only fair.

I am sorry to say a chief is often very unfair in his dealings, and does not hesitate or blush to rob his most respectful or his poorest subjects, if they happen to possess anything he takes a fancy to. There is one thing, however, I do like exceedingly about a Fijian chief. It is this: he tries to excel in all he does, and thus, in some respects at least, to be worthy of the worship or *worthship* he demands, and which is, after all, more due to worth and wisdom than to rank. No people give more honour to rank or station than do the Fijians, yet they are sensible enough to know that wisdom has a higher standing still; and a stupid great man seems to them a glaring mistake in society, a ridiculous and awkward fact. A chief does not say, '*Go* and build me a house,' &c., but '*Come*, let us build a house,' or canoe, or whatever it may be; and there he is as busy as any, only doing his work better than the rest and showing his subjects how to work well and willingly both. At the yam planting the men prepare the soil, but it is the chief who puts in the yams; and when he is at home, you may often see him engaged in plaiting *sinnet* or in some other light occupation.

I have told you much of the wickedness of Fiji, but you must remember in many places that is a thing of the past, not of to-day. True, in the interior some people are

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THE CITY OF BAD IN 1855.

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still heathen savages; but in all places where the missionaries have lived and prayed cannibalism and widow strangling and polygamy and priestly tyranny are done away, and selfish savages have become kind, forbearing, gentle, honest, and truthful; so wonderfully can God work on the hearts of the children of men, and so constantly does He crown with success all humble and faithful toil. I must not stay to talk much of the wonderful success the missionaries have had in Fiji, but will tell you something of one convert out of many. His name was Verani, and a wicked and cruel chief he was; yet at last he began to tremble on account of his sins and to believe that what he heard of God and heaven and hell was all true. He learned to read, and sat up the whole night, again and again, with a teacher talking about religion; but though he now knew what was right, he feared to do it, lest he should lose some of his old friends, and, worst of all, incur the anger of Thakombau, the king. However, one Good Friday he inquired why divine service was to be held, and on being told it was because that was the day on which Jesus Christ had died, he said: 'Then this shall be the day on which I will *lotu*,' or become a Christian. He kept his word, and publicly renounced heathenism. Thakombau was exceedingly angry when he heard of this, and said: 'Tell Verani, then, to go to his God for food, he shall have none from me; and tell him not to come to Bau any more.' On receiving this message Verani replied: 'I want to go to heaven more than to receive riches. The lands are the Lord's. If He sees fit I shall not want food; but if I am hungry

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it will be only a little time before I go to heaven, and I shall never be hungry there.' He was baptized, taking the name of Elijah, and soon after began to preach, when he was made very useful to his heathen neighbours. He loved to go at the first dawn of light to some quiet spot in the woods and pray to his Father in heaven. One day, while thus engaged, he heard a rustling noise among the bushes, and, looking up, saw a man bending over and just about to kill him. The man did not know it was Elijah, but supposed it was a wicked person he was about to kill, and said so to Elijah, who replied, 'The Lord has preserved me from your murderous hand, as He will ever preserve those who fully trust in Him.' Some time after, during war, this good man met with a sudden and cruel death; but we may check our sorrow for him, as he was ready, and was carried by angels into that most glorious of all kingdoms, which we call heaven, and into the presence of the King of kings, who had loved and redeemed him.

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CHAPTER VII.

KING THAKOMBAU.

I THINK I must tell you a little about Thakombau, the king. While still young he managed, by bold and energetic conduct, to conquer his father's troublesome enemies, when otherwise Tanoa must have lost his throne. The firm position thus won by Thakombau was wisely held, and long before the old king's death the government *really* rested upon the son. All Europeans who have seen him agree in describing him as a tall and very handsome man, looking every inch a king, and a thorough gentleman in manner. He generally treated the missionaries and also captains who visited Fiji with consideration and respect, but for years remained a heathen and cannibal, even after he was convinced that Christianity would overcome and take the place of heathenism. When remonstrated with by some English gentlemen for still allowing cannibalism, he suddenly exclaimed: 'It was very well for those who have plenty of beef to remonstrate, but they had no beef, but men.' He afterwards apologised for this breach of politeness. The kind interest shown by missionaries and many of the captains puzzled him much and made him ask one day, 'How is it that all the Turangas, or white people, who come here ask for favours to the Fijians and

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KING TAKONRAD.

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nothing for themselves?' The first time Thakombau saw some firing at a target, which was placed 800 yards away, he was much excited and astonished, and, turning to a gentleman near, said: 'This makes me tremble. I feel that we are no longer secure. If we offend these English, they will bring their ships to Bau, where, having found us out with their spyglasses, they will destroy us and our town at once.' Another time he said, 'Christianity is powerful; because of it we cannot get any men to eat.' On another occasion, 'Christianity is the one true thing in the world,' and: 'Ay, how the missionaries labour to save life! They take any trouble and go anywhere for our salvation! And we are always trying to kill one another.' But it was not until 'wars and rumours of wars' distressed him, and he found himself surrounded by trouble, that he concluded he was wrong in remaining a heathen and that he must become a real Christian. Three hundred Fijians were present when Thakombau was received into the Christian Church. From that time he caused the sabbath to be strictly kept, and procured a large bell to summon the numerous members of his household to family prayer every day. He had, before this, allowed his little boy to learn to read and to take the name of Christian; and now, so eager were both he and the queen to read and improve themselves that they made their child teach them. The boy was proud to do this, but he was only seven years old, and his father and mother liked to have such very long reading lessons that their poor little teacher used to get tired out and have a nap in the middle sometimes,

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then wake up refreshed and continue his instructions. It was a happy thing for Bau and its dependencies when the king became a Christian; for after that no one feared to be one and few delayed learning to read. Besides this, the missionaries now get help in all that is good from the king. So let us pray that God may bless King Thakombau and keep him a true Christian.

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CHAPTER VIII.

OUR MISSIONARIES.

I DARE SAY you, like many other people, think sometimes what a fine and glorious thing it must be to be a hero—to go into some great danger in order to accomplish something noble and brave, to encounter perils and difficulties only to surmount them; and thinking of heroes immediately brings to your mind Wellington at Waterloo, or Nelson, the hero of the Nile, or the brave men who stormed the heights of Balaklava in the Russian War. Well, much honour to each and all of these brave men, who were really heroes, but not the highest heroes, I think—not those whom Heaven honours most. I will tell you who I think are: first, those who die at the stake for Christ's sake: second, those who live for His sake; who leave home and country, friends, fame, and fortune, and go to the ends of the earth at the command of our Redeemer to toil amidst fierce or uncivilised heathen day after day; to impoverish themselves that others may be made rich; to wear themselves out quickly in a trying climate, in sunshine and tempest, on land and sea, that they may do good to the souls and bodies of the untaught and needy ones around them. You know now that I mean the missionaries; and in speaking of them I must in-

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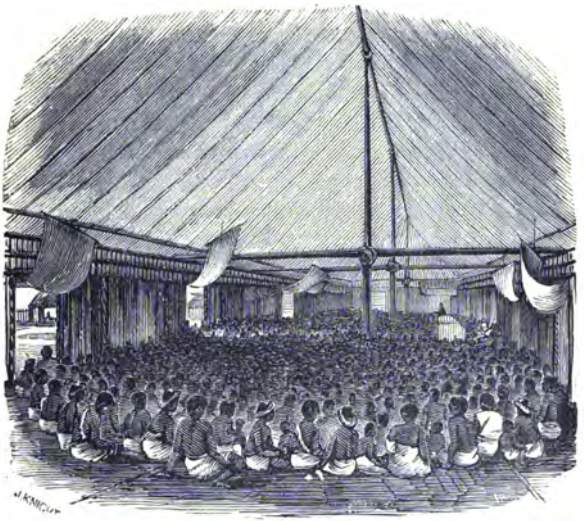
clude their wives; for it is often difficult to tell which is the braver or more unselfish or which to admire more. But you are always ready to hear anecdotes, so I will relate two or three to show you the heroism I admire so much.



PREACHING IN FIJI.

Mr. Fordham, a good missionary in Fiji, was going out one morning when some one met him and begged him to go to Ovalau, twenty miles away, to see a woman who had been ill some time and was now much worse.

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What was to be done? The wind raged and the sea appeared no longer in waves, but rose mountains high; indeed, it seemed as though wind and water were conspiring to destroy all who should venture that day on the treacherous deep. Mr. Fordham did not stay long to think about self, but you shall hear what he says.

'Mrs. W—— was so ill I determined to venture. Happily there was Mr. Berry to steer the boat, and the current was rushing in with tremendous force, so that in case the boat upset we might be carried towards the shore. The anxious time passed and we reached the *Glyde* in safety. We now steered for Ovalau, and for two hours the wind continned very high. Then it fell light, and we were as long in running the last five miles as we had been the first fifteen. I went twice to see Mrs. W——, prescribed for her, and made up the medicines, and was glad to leave her a little better.'

All voyagers, alas! did not escape so happily that day; some were drowned, the head of one poor man being found the next morning inside a shark.

The peace of the sabbath day at Nasavu seventeen years ago was suddenly broken and spoilt by more than 200 Fijians from another part, who arrived about noon, and rushed with horrible war-cries upon the western side of the town. Presently they broke in upon the mission premises and set fire to some of the buildings, though fortunately not to the house occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Fordham. Still, imagine the anxiety felt by the latter in peril like this. What faith and courage they

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needed when placed in circumstances like these! I am glad to tell you the Christians of Nasavu defended themselves so bravely that at last the enemy was obliged to retire.

Mr. Calvert, another brave missionary in Fiji, was anxious one day to call at Moturiki to beg the people there to become Christians and also to warn them of danger near; for war was then going on between two islands, and he feared that Moturiki would be destroyed by night. Accordingly, accompanied by a few men, he set off in his boat. Presently one of the crew noticed a man on the Moturiki beach beckoning to them, and told Mr. Calvert, who directed a man to wade through the water to the beach to inquire what was wanted, while the boat went round to a landing place. The messenger had not yet reached the dry land when he saw several men rush out from among the cocoanut trees, and, thinking they intended to kill him, hastened back in much alarm.

Mr. Calvert, not liking to give up his intention of trying to do good, and hoping for the best, put on his old water boots and waded to the beach alone; for, though Kaitu, one of his men, wished to go with him, he would not take him into possible danger, and ordered the boat to wait round at the other side where the water was deeper. The missionary had got more than half way when he saw many persons running from two opposite directions as if to meet him. One glance showed him they were his enemies, fierce, wicked enemies indeed. But what was he to do? He could not get back to the boat or avoid them, so continued towards the shore.

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One man came near with his gun uplifted to strike him, and in two or three minutes more Mr. Calvert was surrounded by a hundred of these savages. One desperate looking fellow came very near and pointed his musket. Some were provided with hatchets, others held their clubs just ready to kill God's servant, and others were merely waiting, ready to throw their spears. Terrible as were these moments, he managed to reason with them, reminding them who he was—that he was not their enemy, but friend, having ever wished to help them and do them good, and had even offered to give Tui Levuka a large looking-glass if he would leave them in peace. Mr. Calvert also reminded them that if they killed him they would bring trouble upon themselves. One man who had often been kindly treated by the missionary and his wife came forward and declared Mr. Calvert should live, but another most ferocious and determined looking fellow would certainly have killed him had he not been seized and held back by several others. At length even his rage cooled down, and all decided that the missionary should live.

As they had *relinquished*, or given up, their intention to kill him they wished to kill one or two of his crew instead, and Mr. Calvert, knowing this, refused to return to the boat. His troubles, however, were not yet over: two men led him along; one untied his cravat, another pulled his coat; he was weak and hoarse with arguing with them, and drenched by the seawater; and now they annoyed him by singing the death-song which they always sang as they dragged along the bodies of the slain.

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At length they left him, and Ratu Vuki, a chief from Bau who had just arrived, was so angry when he heard how Mr. Calvert had been treated that he wished to punish the cruel persecutors, but the missionary begged him not to do so. In this, you see, he followed the example of his divine Master, who prayed for His enemies, 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.' Do you not think Mr. Calvert needed wonderful courage and faith in circumstances like these? I will tell you what he himself says about it: 'My trust was in God. He was my help and deliverer, and I was comforted in the assurance that "they could not my life devour, safe in the hollow of His hand." While looking at the instruments of death which were held over and levelled at me, I felt that my life was still in His hands and could only be taken by His permission, and was persuaded that if He permitted my death I should glorify Him in some way that I could not have done by my life.'

I will just tell you one more anecdote; but it is about Mr. Calvert's heroic wife and Mrs. Lyth, another devoted lady. Mr. Calvert and Mr. Lyth were away from home for some time on a distant island, when the ladies were one day informed that a number of women were to be clubbed and eaten at Bau. Imagine, if you can, how distressed they would feel—how they would long in the fulness of their love and pity to go and rescue the doomed women; yet old Tanoa, the chief to whom they must apply, was one of the most cruel of all Fiji's cruel ones, and they knew also that women were strictly forbidden

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to appear if uncalled before a chief. It might be *death* to them if they ventured before him; nevertheless, they were Englishwomen and Christians, so they could not remain quiet and indifferent, but ventured at once on their dangerous errand of mercy, accompanied by a Christian chief named Luke Matanimbaba. Each took a whale's tooth as a present to pacify Tanoa, and the ladies forced themselves into his presence, when he indignantly asked what those women did there. They replied they had come to implore him to spare the lives of those women who still lived. While they spoke two poor women, not far away, made the air ring with their death shrieks, and nine had already been murdered. But this story is such a terrible one I will shorten it all I can. Tanoa consulted another chief on the matter, and the end of it was, the four women who still survived were allowed to live through the intercession of kind Mrs. Lyth and Mrs. Calvert. How sad these noble women must have felt in thinking of the eleven poor people who had been so cruelly put to death; yet, at the same time, how thankful that they had been the means of saving four human lives! Probably you and I may never be able to save one precious life. Well! let us ever remember this—if God does not place us in paths where great things need to be done, He will not require great things from us. But He does require that every day we live we should grow less selfish and more and more longing to please Him perfectly in the little duties that do lie before us—giving up our own pleasure that others may be pleased, keeping back unkind or passionate

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words, driving away the angry or sulky look that wants to spread over our face, learning a lesson we do not like with a patient, persevering spirit, and being industrious and energetic when we want to be lazy and indolent. In these and many other little ways we may show a Christian and heroic spirit, and thus win God's smile and blessing; and, you know 'His blessing maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow therewith.'

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CHAPTER IX.

NIUE AND SAMOA.

NIUE, or Savage Island, is situated some distance south-east of the group known as the Friendly Islands, in the Pacific Ocean. Niue is thirty miles in circumference, with low, flat land almost covered with trees. It was discovered in 1774 by Captain Cook, who compared the inhabitants to wild boars and could not succeed at all in making friends with them. But I think they must have improved a good deal since then, for English captains who have visited the island more recently have found the people tolerably good-tempered and gentle, and quite willing to barter their spears, bananas, and paroquets for knives, fish-hooks, bottles, red worsted comforters, and pieces of red print: the two latter articles they use for turbans. They did not care to have cigars or tobacco, and refused wine, for they said it burnt their throat. They know how to make capital canoes and how to ornament them, too, with beautiful carving. Their paddles are very short and the blades concave; that is, their shape is much like the bowl of a very large spoon. The people wear very little clothing, but rub their brown skin well with cocoanut oil, and sometimes make frights of themselves by putting streaks of black paint on their

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faces, while their beards are plaited and adorned with pieces of oyster shell. Some wear the hair smooth and straight, some curled, and others have it tied up on the top of their heads in a large knot, which is coloured yellow. Numbers of flies may often be seen taken prisoners by a man's greasy skin. I dare say you know that, not only in Niue, but in many other islands and hot countries, the inhabitants are accustomed to rub themselves with grease of some kind; and, though we should not like to do the same, we need not laugh much at them, for there is some good sense in it, as it protects them somewhat from the heat and makes their limbs supple and strong.

I think, in spite of all our good qualities, we English people are *very* conceited, and more ready than any other folks in the world to despise the habits and fashions of foreigners just because they are different from our own. Yet if we had one grain of patience and two of humility we should inquire the reason or advantage of the peculiar habit; and thus, looking under the surface, should often find true wisdom and common sense. But, most of all, we are inclined to disparage (that means to think meanly of, or run down) savages or coloured people who are not much civilised; and we fancy they are not a great deal better than animals, or, at best, are only like very foolish children, and that we are at liberty to make them do just as *we* like. You may depend upon it this is a great mistake; they are sharp and shrewd enough, able to reason, and have a good idea of what is fair and honourable. If,

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therefore, we wish to secure their goodwill and esteem, we must treat them honestly and respectfully, remembering that they are *human* beings, and that the chief differences between them and ourselves are that their skins are darker, their spirits braver, and their advantages have been fewer than ours.

The language of the people in Savage Island is much the same as the Maori, or that of New Zealand. I must not stay to relate more of Niue, but will tell you about a group called the Samoan, or Navigators' Islands, situated to the north-west of Niue. These are lofty, and, like many other spots in the South Pacific, are very beautiful. Could you see Great Manna, for instance, you would be delighted with its many hills, large and feathery trees, beautiful flowers, and the neat wooden houses nestling here and there with their steep roofs, yet with the rooms all on the ground floor. Picture in your mind large orchards or grounds in which grow, not apples and pears, but breadfruit trees, bananas, yams, and the ava pepper, surrounded by a low, uneven wall of coral. Then imagine you see the neatly kept path, under the shade of cocoanut trees, leading to the snug houses scattered about without arrangement. And now, if you look back at the sea surrounding the fruitful spot of land, you will see on the shore a few covered sheds for the large canoes, while near these are many small canoes unsheltered on the beach. This is a picture, not of one merely, but of all the islands in the Samoan group. Numbers of pigs and poultry may be seen, but scarcely any cattle. There is, however, an

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abundance of fish: so industrious natives may always find something nice to eat. There are several kinds of sea snake three or four feet long, but they are considered quite harmless.

The Samoan Islands, like most others in the Pacific, are sometimes subject to terrible storms or hurricanes, especially between November and May, when the rain descends in torrents, accompanied by winds which the people there call 'knockdown winds.' The land is extremely fertile, and it seems a pity that the people do not know better how to cultivate it, for it might grow cotton, oranges, arrowroot, and many other things. As it is, however, almost the only article of commerce is the cocoa-nut oil, of which there is an increasing supply.

In these islands, as well as the surrounding ones, the good folks cook in quite a different fashion from us. For instance, all the cooking is done out of doors, and the oven is simply a hole, half a yard or more deep, dug in the earth, and when the fowl or pork or vegetable, whatever it may be, has been prepared, it is wrapped in banana leaves and popped into the hole. With it, and over it are placed some very hot stones, and any space left is filled closely up with earth, in order to prevent the steam escaping. Having done all this, the cook goes away for three or four hours until the dinner has cooked itself.

The Samoans have in each village what we call a town hall, but what they call *fale-tele;* and in this they meet to transact important business or for amusements. But the best thing about it is, any strangers visit-

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ing the place are allowed to stay there free of charge. This is one of the little things showing us that the Samoans know how to be polite. Indeed, you would be surprised if you heard how respectfully they speak to their chiefs and how careful they are to do all things in the proper order, not to offend each other, and to show civility and kindness to strangers. They sit, tailor fashion, on mats on the floor, and when a visitor of any importance enters one of their houses, a new or clean mat is offered him; and the rooms are kept so fresh and clean that if you and I were there we should be quite willing to make a few morning calls; and I am sure if we conducted ourselves properly we should be gladly received.

When the natives assemble to discuss any public matter or to entertain some great guest, they are expected to wait in perfect silence until the chiefs or important people arrive to welcome them, and if they venture to sit with outstretched legs or pass anything over the feet of a chief they are considered extremely rude. They are, however, so considerate as to excuse Europeans from doing as they do in these matters; though, of course, they are much pleased whenever the white people imitate their customs. If a number of chiefs arrange to meet for discussion and some happen to be late through having far to come, the others tell them in a quiet but serious manner that they are sadly wanting in politeness and ought to have been punctual; upon which the late comers express many regrets for their unavoidable delay. They generally wait until all are assembled before they begin their dis-

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CHRISTIAN SAMOANS REFUSING TO FIGHT.

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cussion; or if not, the speech of each has to be repeated to those who were absent, and all the proceedings related to them; so you may imagine what a long and tedious affair it is if many are behind time.

If a Samoan wishes to show great respect or liking for a friend, how do you think he does it? By rubbing his nose with his friend's hand; and that seems to me of all funny fashions one of the funniest.

The Samoans call us Britons 'Peritani,' and profess to be rather fond of us; but they do not much like the French. In appearance they are tall, well made, rather good looking, and altogether pleasing, in spite of their brown skins and few clothes. Men, women, and children generally wear short skirts, or *titis*, made of leaves or yellow grass; but on grand occasions they appear in a kind of fine mat, two or three yards square, and reaching from the waist to the feet. Some of these mats are made of the leaves of the pandanus closely woven and varied by tufts of scarlet feathers placed here and there; and very proud of these mats the good people are, handing them down from father to son with great care, just as we like to have old family plate or lace. Another kind of mat is made of the bark of the dwarf hibiscus, and the outside, which is bleached a pure white, is left all shaggy to look like a dressed sheep's skin.

The inhabitants of most of the islands in the South Pacific have been cannibals; that is, have killed, cooked, and eaten their fellow creatures. The Samoans, however, say they have never done this except in the case of a

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cruel enemy, and that they never really liked human flesh, but only ate it out of revenge. At any rate, if they have ever liked it, it was long ago, and now to *speak* of roasting or fire to a Samoan is considered quite an insult.

Most savages have a religion of *some* kind; but the Samoans had scarcely any, so that temples, altars, and the cruel sacrifices of some heathen were unknown among them: and if the people of the Friendly Islands (another group near) wished to upbraid or blame any one for neglecting to worship his gods, they would call him a godless Samoan. I am glad, however, to tell you that now many of the Samoans are Christians, owing to God's blessing upon the untiring energy of some good missionaries who have been sent there. Some of these Christian natives have had to bear much hardship, but have been enabled to give good testimony of a changed heart and life. On one occasion, when attacked by some of their unconverted countrymen they refused to fight. The war party brandished their spears and fired their guns over their heads. The Christians sat quiet through all, till at last the warriors were obliged to return disappointed to their homes.

Many of these poor natives are, unfortunately, deformed, owing to accidents they have met with when young. The men are better looking than the women, though their appearance is somewhat spoilt by their mothers trying to flatten their noses while they are children, under the notion that broad flat noses are the handsomest.

The Samoans are more *athletic*, that is, strong and

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active than many of their neighbours, but they are not so clever in carving and some other things. The most fertile island in the group is Upolu, which, including Manono, has 20,000 inhabitants. The least fertile is Savau, which long ago had a volcanic eruption, and has a population of only 12,000. Tutiula and the Manna group together have only 5000 inhabitants, so that the entire population of Samoa does not exceed 37,000. Most of the villages are built as near the sea as possible, none of the people liking to live far inland.

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CHAPTER X.

THE FRIENDLY ISLANDS.

THE Friendly Islands, of which there are no fewer than 200—though many of them are very small, and only fifty are inhabited—are situated about 400 miles to the south-west of the Samoan group and 200 miles south-east of the nearest island in the Fijian group. They are the nearest group to New Zealand, being only 1000 miles distant, and are divided into *three* clusters, known as the *Tonga*, *Haabai*, and *Vavau* Islands. They were first discovered by Tasman in 1643, and in 1773 were visited by Captain Cook, who liked the inhabitants so much better than those of the neighbouring islands as to give the group the name of the *Friendly* Islands. Had he known as much of the people as some who went later he would have found them often very unfriendly and savage, sadly needing all the good and gentle influences of a humanising Christianity.

The islands are very beautiful, some, of course, more wild and rocky than others, but all having a variety of splendid trees, the glorious sea close by, and a brilliant sky overhead. Two things strike a visitor to these islands, the neat reed fences surrounding the gardens and the beautiful order in which the paths are kept, no weed

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or untidiness of any kind being seen upon them. The fences, however, which are not very strong, are sometimes spoilt by the pigs breaking through them, and on this account the naughty animals are often kept inside hollow trees instead of styes. There are terrible earthquakes occasionally, which make every timber and post in the two-roomed house to crack, and cause the light dwellings to creak and shake and bend as though each moment they would fall; yet they are the best kind of buildings where earthquakes prevail; for though they often bend they do not often fall, and if they do, are easily replaced. The natives used to say that one of their principal gods reposed in the centre of the volcano at Tofua, and that when he nodded his head much or turned on his side, irritated by the effects of his fiery bed, it caused an earthquake.

As to the hurricanes the Rev. T. West, who has lived in the islands, says: 'No tongue or pen can possibly describe them as they really are. Heaven and earth appear to be on the move, and as for the sea, its grandeur is altogether indescribable. The rush of the irresistible tempest, the cracking and fall of trees on all sides, branches hurled through the air, cocoanuts torn from the trees and flung in all directions like cannon-balls, a deluge of rain, unusual darkness, and the crash of falling houses—all these attendants upon a hurricane make up one of the most dismal and terrific pictures in natural phenomena.'

The Friendly Islanders are quite as polished as the

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WOMEN MAKING CLOTH.

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Samoans, but not nearly so eloquent; and when they assemble their people, it is to reprove or command, not to consult them; neither do they make long speeches upon grand occasions, or on receiving a present, but merely say a word or two earnestly, ending with 'thank you! thank you!'

It seems curious that the Tongan chiefs are generally much finer men than their subjects and lighter in colour; and you would be surprised to see what polished gentlemen some of them are.

The Tongans have never had so many cannibals among them as the Fijians, and it is sad to think they have had any. For many years now, however, they have looked upon cannibalism with horror, and would exclaim to any one guilty of the crime, 'Away; you are a man eater!' In Tonga no one carries arms except in time of war, whereas in Fiji life is so much less safe that people seldom travel without. Women are treated very kindly in the Friendly Islands; they do no field work nor house drudgery, for even the cooking is done by the men; but they are not idle: they fetch water from the wells, make bags, and baskets, &c., for household purposes, and all the mats for sleeping on and wearing.

But their principal and grandest employment is the manufacture of the native cloth, or *gatu*, from white beaten bark. It is not woven, but is the inner bark of the Chinese paper mulberry, stripped and soaked in water for a certain time, and then beaten to the proper thickness by a mallet. A rather thick, gummy dye is used to colour the cloth

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and cement it together, and the cloth is kept in pieces about forty yards long and four broad, sometimes more, sometimes less. A fanciful pattern is designed upon it, the last lines of which are painted by hand with a more brilliant red varnish; and this covers all the joints and imperfections of the work. The women do it very quickly and cleverly with a long kind of stick; but, unfortunately, the cloth when finished will not resist water.

The burial grounds are always in some quiet, sheltered spot, and surrounded by the most beautiful trees. The dead are buried without coffins, but no clay or earthy soil is allowed to touch the body, the grave being filled up with beautiful white sand, which the friends sometimes travel miles to procure. This is carried in baskets to the grave by the chief mourners, who pour it in. The top of the grave is afterwards decorated with black pebbles and red coral arranged in some pretty design.

The first missionaries to the Friendly Isles landed in 1797, but were not ordained ministers. They were ten in number, and were sent out from London to teach the natives the various arts of civilised life, such as building, carpentery, shoemaking, &c., then any leisure they had was to be occupied in reading and explaining the Bible to the people. But this plan did not answer; for it was putting civilisation first and the Bible second: whereas God says, 'Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.'

The Bible prepares the way for everything that is civilised and beneficial, good and beautiful. It is the

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Bible that has made England great and Germany strong; and now that it is allowed in all Italy the Italians will ere long shake off the indolence and ignorance of ages and become an intelligent, energetic, and glorious people.

The ten young men were, however, well received, though chiefly because the natives expected to get various useful things from them. The former set to work in earnest planting, weaving, and building, and on the sabbath conducted religious services. The islanders were much astonished at all the new things they now saw and heard, but most of all at a *cuckoo* clock in the possession of the white men. They thought it was made to move and strike by a spirit living in it, so gave it the name of *Akau Lea*, or 'speaking wood.' They dared not touch it, and thought if they stole anything the clock spirit would be sure to find it out and tell of them.

I am sorry to say at the end of three years three of the young Englishmen were murdered, their premises robbed and destroyed, and the survivors left the islands as speedily as possible after such terrible deeds. Twenty-two years more passed away before any real missionaries were sent to these ignorant and cruel heathen. But since then many brave missionaries and their wives have toiled nobly among them, and those who live have the joy of knowing that nearly every man and woman in the islands is a Christian and that heathenism there is quite done away.

But these ministers have had real sharp troubles in their work; for you know nothing good or noble is ever done in this world without costing much to the doer, often sorrow

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and suffering, but always self-denying, unceasing toil. The *annoyances* suffered by missionaries to these islands have sometimes begun on their way out. For instance, the Rev. T. West says that in the voyage from New Zealand he and all on board 'were engaged night and day in an unsuccessful war with endless cockroaches. They dared not sleep without gloves on their hands, stockings on their feet, and a gauze covering over their face; while the poor captain was at last obliged to abandon his berth and try to sleep on the saloon table.'

When another island is visited, perhaps thirty or forty miles away, the missionary finds almost endless work waiting for him. Some natives want to be married, others baptized, that they may be received into the Christian Church, and some, perhaps, must be buried. Often a chief is anxious to consult the missionary on some important affair, and natives who have quarrelled want the missionary to settle who is right. Besides all this, he must visit the sick and be their doctor as well as pastor, examine the schools and preach to the people; and then, when very, very tired, he must stay up two or three hours longer and patiently explain to the eager people things 'hard to be understood' by them. On one occasion Mr. West and another gentleman, having been thus employed until twelve at night, retired to their bedroom, where the mosquito curtains had been carefully placed. But, alas! these failed to protect them from their dreadful enemy, and both gentlemen were compelled to get up and try to beat off the teasing creatures. Yet more came in than

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were swept away, and the end of it was they were obliged to go out of doors and walk about till daylight. They tried to rest in a tree and under a thicket, but it was all in vain, for the mosquitoes were there also.

It is no easy thing to sail thirty miles quite unsheltered from the burning sun, and then hold two or three services in one day. Yet this has sometimes been done, and occasionally, after being exposed for hours to the tropical heat and then to the cold, dewy evening air, the crew find the tide is wrong and the boat cannot possibly be taken through the coral reef that night; so the tired missionary and his men are only too glad if they can sleep on some bare mats on a hard floor, with a good thatch roof overhead. Sometimes he narrowly escapes drowning, and at other times his house is burnt down by some wicked heathen. But some of the worst troubles in the Friendly Islands were caused by two or three Roman Catholic priests who persisted in taking up their abode there, though some of the chiefs told them it would be useless, for they and their people were no longer heathen, but had become Christian Protestants and did not intend to change their religion again. Still, had the priests merely tried to convert the natives to Romanism, they could not have been blamed. But they did all they could to make them rebel against their chiefs, and persecuted the Protestants as much as possible.

They actually ordered a beautiful chapel in Uvea to be burnt down; and this was done. They then persuaded Lavelua, the king of Uvea, and his chiefs to command

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all the people under their authority to become Romanists; and those who were brave and honest enough to remain true Protestants were sadly persecuted. Lavelua sent a message to Jone Mahe, the native teacher at Uvea, commanding him to become a Roman Catholic at once. But what reply do you think he sent? This: 'You go and tell the king and the priests I shall *not* turn; and if it is their determination that I shall turn, here is my head, cut it off and take it to that religion.' Every effort was made to frighten this good man and make him suppose he was to be drowned or killed in some way, but in vain; for he had learnt to love Christ and His religion, and was determined to die rather than deny his Saviour. He even continued in the darkness of night to preach in the thick wood to the few who ventured to hear him.

The priests were the cause of a sad civil war which lasted several years, causing much suffering and want among the unhappy natives; and in this war poor Jone Mahe was killed, but his spirit was at once admitted among the crowned and happy martyrs of heaven. The priests and their friends had arranged to kill one important Protestant chief, and succeeded in getting him into their power by pretending they wished for a friendly discussion with him. Several waited only for the signal to fall upon him, but he suddenly suspected their wicked intentions, and, rushing away, escaped just in time to save his life.

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CHAPTER XI.

KING GEORGE OF TONGA.

AMONG the least known, but *not* the least worthy, of the world's rulers is King George, who formerly governed only some of the islands, but, on the death of King Josiah in 1845, was elected sovereign of all the three groups. And a happy thing it has proved for the people to be under the sway of so wise a ruler, who became also a true Christian. As soon as King George began to think heathenism wrong, he engaged an English sailor to read prayers regularly in a house which he had set apart for the purpose and made him write the alphabet in the sands, that all who wished might learn to read. He also went some distance to beg that a missionary might be sent him, but one could not be spared just then; so it was proposed that a native teacher, that is, a Tongan minister, should go and teach his sovereign about God and heaven. To this King George at once objected, and went away somewhat offended at the idea of only a coloured man teaching *him*. It was far too much for his pride to bear; just as it was too much for Naaman's pride when he went as a leper to be cured by the prophet, and, instead of being treated with the respect and ceremony he had expected

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from the latter, was merely told to go and bathe seven times in the Jordan, and he should be clean. However, King George did not find it an easy thing to get home; for a storm arose and the sea was very rough, so he began to feel troubled and to think he had done wrong in refusing to have a coloured teacher, and was now to be punished for it. Besides, he really wanted to understand Christianity, and a *Tongan* minister would be better than none at all. Accordingly he 'pocketed his pride,' as we sometimes say, went back, and desired that a Christian native might accompany him home.

Speaking of pride, I must tell you of another circumstance which occurred about this time. It is quite against Tongan etiquette for any one to have a seat higher than his chief or sovereign; and the first time King George attended divine service, he was much shocked to see the white missionary up in a pulpit high above himself, and I am afraid his thoughts wandered away several times that morning in wondering how he could prevent such impropriety happening again. The next day he ordered his carpenter to make a pulpit for *him* and place it opposite the missionary's, only a little higher. You may guess how amused and surprised the latter felt when at the next service he saw his majesty gazing down upon him from another pulpit, with a look half proud, half roguish, as much as to say, 'You see, sir, I intend to be treated with proper respect, even from you.' The missionary took care to inform him that no disrespect was intended, but that it was the regular custom in England and other countries

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for the clergyman to occupy pulpits and thus be more elevated than royalty itself. So the king was satisfied, and decided to dispense with his pulpit. King George now kept the sabbath day holy, and also tried to persuade those chiefs he knew to give up heathenism. Among these was Finau, chief of Vavau; and when at length the latter said, 'Well, I will be a Christian, and I will spend the next sabbath with you in worshipping your God,' you may be sure King George felt very glad. Finau kept his word, many of his family and friends being with him; and the next day he ordered that seven of the principal gods should be brought out and placed in a row. This was done, and he then addressed them as follows: 'I have brought you here to prove you, and I tell you beforehand what I am about to do, that you may be without excuse.' Then, speaking to each separately, he said, 'If you are a god run away, or you shall be burned in the fire that I have prepared.' Of course none of these idols could run away. So they were all burnt, and eighteen sacred temples also. Some of the people were much frightened at seeing their gods treated thus, and quite thought some dreadful punishment would be sent upon them and the rest; but nothing happened, so their fears vanished and they became Christians.

King George secured the love and respect of his enemies by his kind forbearance and mercy towards them, even when they deserved death or severe punishment. So you see he tried the Bible plan of heaping kindness (as coals of fire) on their heads, and thus melted the hardness of

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KING GEORGE OF TONGA.

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their hearts. One captain liked King George so much that he told a missionary he had known many chiefs in the South Sea Islands, but had never met his equal. His majesty was struck with admiration one day on being shown a diving dress and helmet, and, turning to his courtiers said, 'How useless is strength unaccompanied with wisdom!' In 1862 he made a number of good laws, some forbidding the chiefs to take food and other things from their subjects, as they had been in the habit of doing; others ordering that a man should have land granted him according to the size of his family; and others decreeing that every man above sixteen should be taxed in a fair and moderate manner for the support of the king and chiefs. He also ordered that one day in every year should be kept as a general holiday in commemoration of these important changes. Directly after these laws were passed, King George entertained three or four thousand visitors for nearly two months. Of course, only the chiefs and important people were received in his own house. And you should have seen the grand style in which the dinner was served up! There were, not merely knives, but silver forks and spoons, and cruets and *épergnes*, with champagne and claret glasses, all quite in the proper European fashion. Seated in splendid chairs at the table were Friendly Islanders in blackcloth suits and white neckties. But to tell the truth, I believe these good gentlemen liked their dinner better than their dress; for had you seen them on the beach a few hours after, you would have noticed the cloth coats and neckties had vanished, and their owners

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were marching along in their own scanty dress, which showed off to perfection their strong, free limbs.

Here is a little speech King George once gave: 'We are a people without power, and we lie, as it were, in the dust. But even if powerful countries come and take hold of us and dash us down; and should an angry people, who wish our overthrow, strike and strike again, until we are broken: still, for all that, let us hold fast our religion, and let us continue to embrace Jesus Christ, so that our souls may live for ever.'

The king often preaches to his subjects and tries in many ways to do them good, and his wife, Queen Charlotte, teaches the first class in the Sunday-school, and is a noble example to all her people. Long may they live to rule over the islands, which are now, not merely beautiful, but happy and prosperous, because inhabited by Christian people!

It is often very difficult for a missionary to land from his boat because of rocks in the way; but some natives generally see him coming, and then they rush down to the water and keep the boat off the dangerous parts or guide it through some narrow opening. Sometimes a man will jump from a cliff twenty feet high, in order to get to the boat and assist the occupants; and then he and others will mind it through a long rough night to keep it from drifting away, that the missionary may go and visit the people, and then have a few hours' rest. The natives treat their visitor very kindly, and set before him an abundant meal of baked pigs, fish, fowls, yams, bananas, and cocoanuts.

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So, after satisfying his hunger with these good things, the missionary divides the immense remainder amongst his dark friends.

I might tell you much more if time and space allowed, but I must hasten on to the conclusion. Speaking of the Friendly Islands, the Rev. Charles Tucker says: 'I never saw the Sabbath kept so holy as here, and I never heard half so much singing and praying in any part of the world before.' One of the first things done by some of the missionaries on arriving many years ago in the Friendly Isles was to translate the New Testament into Tongan. When this difficult work was accomplished 4000 copies were printed there and distributed among the people, who gladly welcomed them. Of course these were not enough for all; so it was with much joy the natives heard some time after that the Bible Society in London intended sending them 10,000 Bibles, all in their own language. You have no idea with what impatient eagerness they looked out for their arrival! And, for fear they should be too late to procure one, many persons brought their money for them long before the ship arrived. The missionary told them, 'We are not sure the ship will bring them;' but they replied: 'Never mind! Whenever they do come we shall be *sure*.' One cold, stormy day a poor man walked several miles with some cocoanut oil to pay for a Bible. He was told he should have waited for a finer day, as coming so far in such weather might make him ill. He replied, 'I am going away to another island as soon as it becomes fine; and I am afraid lest, when I return, all the

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books should be gone.' Another went to the missionary and said, 'My house has been burnt down and all my worldly goods are gone; but, thank God! I have still my Bible.'

Do you and I, dear children, *love* the Bible as we ought? Do we prize it half as much as these poor Friendly Islanders, who were brought up in complete ignorance of God and heaven? It seems to me that heaven is like some very large and very beautiful island cut off from us at present and surrounded by reefs, not of coral, but very dangerous ones made up of numerous sins and temptations and difficulties; and if we are to cross them safely we need a guide. Well, the Bible is given us for that very purpose; it is a 'lamp unto our feet,' a chart in our hands, and more useful to us on our voyage than the mariner's compass is to him. So let us be thankful for such a gift, and treasure it by using it.

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CHAPTER XII.

THE JUBILEE IN TONGA.

I WISH before I close to give some account of the celebration of the jubilee of Christianity in Tonga. On June 28th, 1826, the Rev. John Thomas, accompanied by his noble wife, landed at Hihifo, Tongatabu. Fifty years later all Tonga was gathered together at Nukualofa (the capital) to celebrate the happy event.

The services in connection with the jubilee commenced on Sunday, June 25th, 1876. In the afternoon the jubilee lovefeast was held, when only those persons who were associated with Mr. Thomas in the early period of the mission were permitted to speak.

The jubilee was celebrated on Wednesday, June 28th, in the Mission Square. Two guns were fired at daybreak, after which all the townspeople were soon astir. A royal salute of twenty-one guns was fired at noon from the government battery. The youths of the Industrial School and Circuit Institution had erected eleven platforms and tents in a semicircle, leaving a space in the middle, around which was a profusion of flags, having in their centre the royal standard. The king's platform was supplied with chairs, tables, &c., and was decorated with flags and flowers, and had in front the motto, 'JIUBILE TONGA,

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THE JUBILEE IN TONGA.

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1876.' On another tent was the king's motto, 'God and Tonga mine inheritance;' whilst a third bore, 'The Bible for Tonga.'

Three thousand persons were present. The brilliant colours worn by some of the women flashing in the sunlight, intermingling with the sombre dresses of others, had a pleasing effect against a background of greens of varied shades. The picture was framed in by the plumes of the tall cocoanut trees gracefully waving their long leaves to and fro in the gentle zephyr, and the whole was canopied by the dark blue vault of heaven.

The meeting commenced at ten o'clock, the minister giving out the hymn, 'Blow ye the trumpet, blow!' which was well sung by the choir (native) and congregation of Zion Church. After prayer the king addressed the meeting as follows:—

'Friends, my love to you! It becomes us to-day to give thanks to God for permitting us to meet together on the present occasion. We are met to commemorate the commencement of the Gospel in Tonga. We are not here to-day to speak of things which are not accomplished or of things we intend to do, so much as to rejoice over what *has* been done and what *has* been accomplished during the past fifty years; for to-day is the jubilee of Tonga. I am thankful that the Gospel was ever brought to Tonga, and for what it has accomplished. I need not explain to you, we all know how sunk in slavery Tonga was; but to-day we are free! To what do we owe it but to the Gospel? Tonga was covered over with heathen temples; what

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has destroyed them?—the Gospel! In their place we see Tonga covered with churches in which the bread of life is dispensed, and we see a band of Tongan ministers, the fruits of the success of the Gospel in Tonga. We have to rejoice over the great progress made during the last fifty years. Other nations have done great things, but how many years has it taken to accomplish them? Our success is a cause of thankfulness. I can hardly express my feelings to-day; my heart burns with joy when I think what Tonga has accomplished since Mr. Thomas came; and because the Lord has spared me to see the first jubilee. I shall certainly not see the next; but I think if the leaves of the trees of Tonga had mouths they would shout forth their thanks to God for what He has done for Tonga.'

His majesty then called upon the Rev. S. W. Baker and several native gentlemen—one, the speaker of the legislative assembly, another a justice of the peace, and a third, a native minister, to address the meeting. The choir sang native chants at intervals. At the close the doxology was sung and the benediction pronounced; and then the whole congregation rose whilst his majesty, attended by his *aide-de-camp* and guard of honour, left the grounds.

In the evening the king again presided and called upon those chiefs who had not had an opportunity of speaking in the morning. After several had spoken the king again expressed his joy, and exhorted his people to stand fast by the *lotu*. He gave a short account of his own experience; and, with words of counsel, urged his

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subjects to remember in days to come that righteousness *alone* exalteth a nation; and as his own motto on his coat of arms was, 'God and Tonga mine inheritance,' so he hoped the Gospel would ever be the inheritance of Tonga. The doxology and benediction brought the services of this happy day to a close.

The Tongan Church became self-supporting in the jubilee year. The money raised, including the first moiety towards the jubilee fund, was £14,759 6s. This amount was distributed as follows: Foreign missions (by which the European ministers are supported), £4694 18s. 8d.; native work in Tonga, £3940 2s. 3d.; jubilee churches and endowment fund, £6124 5s. 1d. In addition to all this, £750 was contributed towards a ladies' college, and £100 sent to the venerable John Thomas as a gift of love from his old friends. Truly we may say, in the words of Scripture, 'What hath God wrought!'

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